KEEPING THE RECORD STRAIGHT -- by Edith Essig
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PERILOUS INTERLUDE

Names make the news as they flash through the headlines: Eisenhower, Dulles, Khrushchev, Nasser, Nehru, Nixon, Elizabeth Taylor, Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher (with particular emphasis--in the Los Angeles papers, at least--on Liz and Eddie), Fidel Castro, Chou En-lai, the Dalai Lama, the Lucky(?) Seven Spacemen readying to be rocketed into orbit around the earth....

But today the local newspapers pause in their globe-girdling stride through the day's news to give space to personal recollections in a long flashback covering over half a century; for San Francisco remembers vividly the day on which the earth along 200 miles of the San Andreas fault twisted, heaved and shook with cataclysmic effect.

"Boys, looks like the end of the world!" exclaimed Jack Barrett, City Editor of the San Francisco Examiner, minutes after the convulsive upheaval that struck the sleepy city by the Golden Gate in the early dawn of April 18, 1906, according to the eye-witness account given by a fellow newspaperman. Visiting celebrities, rudely awakened and routed out of the Palace Hotel to mingle with the panic-stricken thousands that fled into the streets, included the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Enrico Caruso is said to have escaped in his nightshirt, vowing never to return.

San Francisco's ordeal was not the end of the world, as it turned out, but it may have been a token of the turmoil to be faced in a day of great perplexity and distress of nations when, in Jesus's words, men's hearts will fail them for fear in the midst of roaring waves and lashing gales (hurricanes Edna, Gladys, Connie, Edith, Diane) and "earthquakes in divers places" --a curtain-raiser for the climax of the long interlude between the Crucifixion and the great Day of the Lord in which the forces of Antichrist will go down to lasting defeat.

Increasing violence of the elements serves well to symbolize the mounting fury of the storm of hate, greed and lust for power that swirled around the Cross on Calvary and then swept down the centuries, bursting in such blood-baths as the French Revolution, the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia, the attempted seizure of Spain by Moscow reds, two world wars and a United Nations police action; a storm generated by the failure of the first "summit" conference, described in St. Matthew 4: 1-11.

The key to the mystery of the endless chain of managed crises to which we are subjected and the long, costly cold war with the Soviet Union that we have been steadily losing in one summit conference after another, is found in the boast of the Jew Walter Rathenau, key official in the German government at the time of the first world war, that a continuing body of only 300 men, each of whom knows all the others, governs the fate of Europe, electing their successors from their own following. "These Jews," Rathenau added, "have the means in their hands of putting an end to the form of any State which they find unreasonable."

Having toppled throne after throne in Europe, seizing Russia to serve as a base of world revolution, and having captured our national treasury through the illegal Federal Reserve Act, these masterminds have decreed our form of government to be unreasonable and are well on the way to liquidating the United States of America. It was on one of their guided tours, fourteen years ago this month, that the dying Franklin D. Roosevelt--his mind strained to the breaking-point with delusions of grandeur--stood on the High Mountain viewing the kingdoms of the world. The United Nations Charter Conference was coming up in San Francisco and he was to be the first president of the world, or so he thought.

Patterned after the celebrated precedent of the first summit conference and practiced by the highest bidders for world control, this peculiar temptation technique has become so noticeable that "taking him on the high mountain" might long since have become a byword for it if an all-powerful racial minority had not the means of censoring such telling expressions of "anti-Semitism".

Investigators of subversive movements have identified the continuing body of 300 faceless men--Rathenau's tight little ruling clique, now known as the Kahal--as the Synagogue of Satan, which, upon being driven out of Babylon by Darius in the sixth century B.C., established "Satan's seat" (see Revelation 2:12-13) at Pergamos in Asia Minor, where the cult still flourished when St. John was banished to the Isle of Patmos: a strategic point from which to dispatch the diplomatic corps to any summit meeting that might be brewing in Palestine or elsewhere in the Mediterranean world.

His Satanic Majesty's earthly seat of government has necessarily been shifted many times but through all succeeding centuries its underground system, designed to keep the poison of that ancient fount of evil in constant circulation, has been kept in serviceable repair by expert maintenance crews, and its diplomatic machinery well-oiled and running smoothly. Throughout the rise of the Rothschilds the Kahal undoubtedly based its headquarters in Frankfort, Germany, whence came Paul Warburg in 1913 to secure passage of the Federal Reserve Act, a preliminary to the exploding of the first world war. Its present site is uncertain but New York City is a likely guess.

With two thousand years of spade-work behind them, the faceless 300 confidently survey the global shambles constituting the stage on which today's headliners play out their roles in the pitiless glare of radio, press and television coverage.

John Foster Dulles, immobilized, retires. Christian Herter picks up the diplomatic briefcase and uncertainly gauges the hazards of the slippery ascent to the summit on which he must sit down to talk things over with the despots of the Kremlin in an atmosphere of increasing suspicion and disillusionment on the part of the American

public and growing hostility in Allied camps abroad.

"So the wise men now want Eisenhower and Khrushchev to meet at a summit meeting!" writes one of the disillusioned in a letter to the editor of the San Francisco Examiner. "How short are our memories. During the last 25 years, the United States has had 3,400 meetings with the Communists, including Teheran, Yalta, Potsdam, Panmunjon and Geneva. The negotiators spoke some 106 million words. All this talk led to 52 major agreements and Soviet Russia has broken 50 of them. The Communists have followed Lenin's dictum about treaties and agreements: 'Promises are like pie crust —made to be broken.'"

UPI dispatch from London: "Britain's newspapers today expressed little confidence in the ability of President Eisenhower and U.S. Secretary of State-designate Christian Herter to handle American foreign policy without John Foster Dulles. All the newspapers agreed that neither man has the ability of Dulles. Historian A.J.P. Taylor, writing in Lord Beaverbrook's Sunday Express, asked Eisenhower to resign.... Former Punch magazine editor Malcolm Muggeridge in the Sunday Pictorial, also suggested the possibility of an Eisenhower resignation in favor of 'hale and hearty' Vice president Richard M. Nixon. 'President Eisenhower is a limping man who has lost the foreign policy crutch provided by Dulles,' Muggeridge said." (This officious Britisher, perhaps in response to a nod from the all-powerful 300, is quick to serve notice on chiefs of state—at times with a thinly-veiled "or else!" as in the instance of his article titled Does England Really Need a Queen? carried in the Saturday Evening Post of October 19, 1957, wherein he stated: "Yet it would be a mistake to assume from her popularity the security of the throne. The Czar and Czarina were never the object of such fantastic manifestations of adulation as in 1914. Four years later they were shot like dogs in a cellar, and no one in Russia seemed to care much.")

President Eisenhower, at the moment, is taxed to the limit of his diplomatic agility in dodging a barrage of questions pertaining to unfinished business in U.S.-Soviet relations. AP dispatch from New London, Wisconsin, released today: "MISSING AIRMAN'S KIN PRODS IKE. — Raymond Kamps, whose brother was among 17 crew members of an unarmed Air Force transport plane shot down last September over Soviet Armenia, today mailed the last of more than 535 letters to President Eisenhower and all members of Congress. The letters demanded to know if Airman 2/C Harold T. Kamps, 21, of Coleman, Wis., is 'rotting in a Russian prison' or if it 'was necessary for the Russians to bury him to suppress evidence of how he may have died.' Raymond Kamps spent nearly two months typing the letters and sent four of them by registered mail 'just to make sure some one in Washington will read them.'"

The White House announces that Vice President Nixon will fly to Moscow in July to open the American National Exhibition as part of a "hopeful approach" to understanding between East and West. Currently, in a smashing U.S. debut, the Bolshoi Ballet—the pride of Communist Russia—brings the furred and jeweled cream of American society to the Metropolitan Opera House in New York; the diplomatic world being represented by U.N. Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold, Arkady Sobolev, Soviet Ambassador to the U.N. and Mikhail Menshikov, Soviet Ambassador to the United States.

After a period of more-or-less-agonizing reappraisal of the recent revolution at our geographical back door—in which the moot question of its motivation has shifted in emphasis from "Is Castro a red?" to "How red is Castro?"—Cuba's bush-bearded new dictator arrives in Washington for an exchange of diplomatic courtesies involving lunch at a swank downtown hotel with Acting Secretary of State Christian Herter.

The young Dalai Lama, sacred as god-king to 200,000,000 Asian Buddhists, who vanished last month while thousands of Khamba tribesmen battled the red Chinese overlords in the streets of Tibet's capital city of Lhasa, emerges from a rigorous 300-mile trek over the Himalayan roof of the world to seek sanctuary in India, where Prime Minister Nehru, a reluctant host, tries to look the other way. A chink in the Bamboo Curtain affords a glimpse of the Communist hand-picked stand-in, the Panchen Lama, being feted in Peiping by Red China's premier, Chou En-lai, and obligingly endorsing the Reds' proposals for completing the communization of Tibet.

Dr. Hewlett Johnson, the "Red" Dean of Canterbury, flies like a homing pigeon to Soviet Russia to recuperate from a recent illness.

Actress Elizabeth Taylor leaves the sunlight of Christianity and, as Elisheba Rachel, a newborn child in Judaism, ventures into the dark, sinister maze of the Babylonian Talmud, led by Rabbi Max Nussbaum. "Whither thou goest, I will go...thy people shall be my people..." she repeated; but whether this fealty was inspired by Mike Todd (Avrom Goldbogen) or by Jewish Eddie Fisher is not divulged. Both figure in the press coverage of her conversion. The Pittsburgh American Jewish Outlook, as quoted in the Jewish paper Heritage, exults: "OUR GAL LIZ. Nasser has discovered, uncovered and denounced the latest 'secret weapon' threatening Egyptian security from nearby Israel. That weapon, a female fatale, Elizabeth Taylor by name, has been honored by President Nasser—he's banned her films in the United Arab Republic. It seems the controversial Liz bought $100,000 in Israel Bonds, which makes her now the Mata Hari of Egypt. Liz—who was officially converted to Judaism last week—may not be this year's winner of the Debbie award, but she's moved back to our favor. Anyone banned by Nasser receives our open arms." Heritage welcomes Elisheba Rachel and assures her that it's hard but beautiful to be a Jew. Apparently it's more than that. It's a matter of Eddie Fisher, Israel bonds and sneaking up on Nasser on his blind side. In short, it's a segment of the great design. Weighed in the balance against the pressing need to keep Liz and the Todd fortune in the Jewish fold, it is evident that Debbie didn't have a chance.

American Protestantism becomes a battleground for pro-red spokesmen of the National Council of Churches and their opposition, a committee of pastors headed by Rev. Daniel A. Poling, which announces that a nationwide poll of the Protestant clergy shows 87% against U.S. diplomatic recognition or U.N. affiliation for Red China. A letter to the editor of the San Francisco Examiner runs: "With what horror

I read that the World Order Study Conference of the National Council of Churches accepted a resolution in which they ask that the U.S. recognize red China and also demand that red China be admitted into the U.N. Does it matter at all to the delegates who represent 38,000,000 American Christians that red China is responsible for many of our father's and son's lives who fell in Korea, and also the fact that in ten years red China has disposed of more than 15,000,000 of their own people? Don't these delegates know that their Christian brothers in red China are persecuted, tortured and murdered? That this kind of coexistence with this satanic, godless group is un-Christian and goes against all Christian principles? Truly, I would not be surprised if next time the same delegates would invite Satan himself to preach."—Halvor Vormeland, Chicago, Ill.

I have news for Mr. Vormeland. Satan has dominated the forums of the National Council of Churches since it was organized as a lineal descendant of the notorious Federal Council of Churches and accepted, as a legacy, a package deal made up of Zionism, interfaith and interracial brotherhood, Christless world government and infatuation for the Soviet Union; and is redoubling his efforts in a very frenzy of activity in this last stage of the perilous interlude between the Crucifixion and the day of our deliverance—the foretold Great Day of the Lord. He need look no farther than the nearest regional office of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith to find the required go-between to deliver the message of temptation, the bribe, or the threats—or a series of all three—that fit the case under consideration.

You may, if you wish, interpret Satan's temptation of Jesus as an entirely subjective experience but you are not likely to convince any one of the present-day crusaders who have challenged the forces of darkness to the point of personally experiencing this ADL routine, performed by Goldstein, Levine, Katz, Kofman or Marx as the case may be.

How they hate the cross of Christ! And how quick they are to prove it upon attaining to power, as shown by two news clippings of widely-separated dates but having more in common than appears at first glance:

WHITE CROSSES BILL KILLED: UP dispatch from Washington, March 13, 1952—"A House interior subcommittee today killed legislation to force the Army to restore white crosses on graves of 13,000 war dead in Honolulu's National Memorial Cemetery." (A reminder to patriots that the removal of the crosses was done under the authority of the Hungarian Jewess Anna Rosenberg as Assistant Secretary of Defense, leaving the graves, under flat slabs, leveled to the semblance of "a vacant cow pasture" as Congressman John Rankin of Mississippi expressed it.)

The other clipping carries an INS dispatch of May 1, 1947 from Moscow: "Premier Stalin reviewed Moscow's traditional May Day parade today amid demands for a complete victory of Communism in Russia and bitter editorial attacks on the American program to aid Greece and Turkey. Ilya Ehrenburg, noted Soviet commentator, accused what he called 'American Imperialists and Fascists' of hypocrisy and bluntly charged: 'These gentlemen have a bomb in one pocket and an Easter egg in the other. Let the average American looking at these half-baked crusaders think about the crosses on German graves. The peoples of Stalingrad cannot be frightened.' Ehrenburg's attack, one of the most scathing anti-American outbursts ever printed in Russia, was published by the Communist newspaper Pravda before today's big parade began through Red Square."

If there is one time more than another when we may expect a particularly venomous insult from the Kremlin it seems it is in the interval between the holy season in which Christians the world around gather at the Cross of Calvary and the red May Day on which the Communist makes an especial display of shaking his clenched fist in the face of God. We are passing through that dangerous interlude now, and with a "summit" conference in the making. It is a fitting time for Americans to review the chain of events that carried us into two wars pitted against the Christians of Germany, the second resulting in the current explosive situation in Berlin; and to to remember in time to forestall a repeat performance of that grim tragedy that if the white crosses are removed from the graves of our war dead it is because we gave our national conscience into the keeping of Christ's implacable enemies, and if crosses on German graves supply the beasts of the Kremlin with the means of taunting us it is because we helped to plant them there.

An AP dispatch gave a further description of the world scene on that red May Day of 1947: "May Day, labor's international holiday, brought demonstrations by millions over much of the world yesterday. Six persons were killed and fifteen were injured near Palermo, Sicily, yesterday in crossfire from machineguns in a mountain gulch overlooking the meeting place of two columns of parading workers celebrating May Day. Communists with clenched fists led hundreds of thousands of Parisian workers in a demonstration coinciding with a Communist threat to walk out of the Government and bring the fall of Premier Paul Ramadier's Cabinet. In Palestine 5,000 left-wing Jews paraded in Tel Aviv, carrying a thirty-foot replica of an immigrant ship. Thousands in Warsaw paraded under a blaze of red flags. More than 100,000 paraded in Guatemala, Central America...The May Day parade in Sofia, Bulgaria lasted seven hours. More than 200,000 marchers cheered Communist Premier Georgi Dimitrov...Among banners carried in Oslo, Norway, was one saying 'Hitler is dead but Truman lives.'"

A grand finale in the way of Red May Day demonstration seems to be indicated for some time in the near future. An idea to that effect may have prompted this letter to the editor, hot off the Examiner's press: "In connection with the proposed summit meeting between Russia and the United States, let us remember what Lenin said in his command to the Communists: 'We have to use any ruse, dodges, tricks, cunning, unlawful methods, concealment and veiling of the truth.' The Communists' philosophy of negotiation, as stated in 1931 to the Lenin School of Political Warfare, in Moscow, by Dmitri Manuilski, Soviet official and at one time presiding officer of the United Nations Security Council: 'War to the hilt between Communism and capitalism is inevitable. Today, of course, we are not strong enough to attack. Our time will come in 20 to 30 years. To win we shall need the element of surprise. The bourgeoise

will have to be put to sleep. So we shall begin by launching the most spectacular peace movement on record. There will be electrifying overtures and unheard-of concessions. The capitalistic countries, coddled, stupid and decadent, will rejoice to co-operate in their own destruction...As soon as their guard is down, we shall SMASH THEM WITH OUR CLENCHED FISTS.' Let us joyfully go to another summit meeting and maybe get punched in the nose like we have in all those in the past." --George MacRae, San Francisco.

The seeds of the present Berlin crisis are planted in an AP dispatch from London of May 1, 1945: "Premier Stalin declared today in a May Day order that Red Army troops had 'hoisted the banner of victory over Berlin' and that Soviet Russia was celebrating May 1 'during the victorious completion of the war.'" The long shadow of a coming event seems to rest on an item in an adjoining column: "Count Folke Bernadotte was reported unofficially today to have forwarded Heinrich Himmler's reply to Allied terms for Germany's surrender to Allied legations in Stockholm."

HOW WE GOT INTO THE BERLIN MESS is the heading of a recent editorial by William Randolph Hearst Jr. His findings are summed up in the expressions "big mistake" -- "baffling and idiotic--no provision made for access to Berlin" -- "misplaced goodwill" -- misplaced trust" --"incredibly naive"; the word treason being unaccountably missing. Perhaps Mr. Hearst knows that to raise a question as to what goes on behind the scenes is to bring down upon himself the vociferous wrath of the spoiled-child minority that, at the least excuse, throws itself down in a tantrum, drums its heels on the floor and raises the roof with its outcries. No doubt he does not want to risk the storm of abuse that raged and beat upon Charles Lindbergh, Joseph McCarthy, James Forrestal, Senator Pat McCarran and many another patriot endowed with an inquiring mind. He plays it safe, receiving his reward, last Monday, in the shape of a plaque naming him B'nai B'rith's "Man of the Year".

The world had not long to wait to learn that destruction of Christianity was one of the secret objectives of the war. That fact stands out starkly in a dispatch by Karl H. Von Wiegand to the Hearst press in December, 1946: "Not the 'Big Four' Foreign Ministers--Byrnes, Bevin, Molotov and Bidault--but a bigger four--cold, hunger, disease and death--rule this Christmas in the greater part of Europe. The 'Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse are no meaningless symbols in many countries. They are dreadful realities..." The dispatch ends on this chilling note: "In the Schwerin District of the Soviet zone of occupied Germany singing of popular traditional Christmas songs and carols, such as 'Tannenbaum' and 'Oh Stille Nacht' has been forbidden by the Communists, says a Reuter dispatch. In Germany, twenty months after the end of the war, homes of an estimated 3,300,000 Germans, who are held as white slave workers in Soviet Russian Siberia, are desolate, their families tortured over the uncertainty of their fate...Such is the pin-hole glimpse of Christmas and 'Peace and Good Will to all men' in the year of our Lord, 1946."

It was for this, then, that American homes were made desolate by the loss of sons who had no quarrel with the Christians of Germany save in the minds of those who are now calling Egypt's president Nasser "the new Hitler of the Nile" and to whom American blood, sweat and tears will be most acceptable if mixed with the hot, oil-rich sands of Araby.

Again the world is witnessing a well-organized mass exodus of European Jews heading for Israel, a parasitic state already bursting at the seams with a multicolored population that runs the gamut of everything from Chinese and Asiatic Jews to black Ethiopian Jews. But in view of the storm of Jewish anger raised by Gen. Sir Frederick Morgan's comments on a previous and similar occasion no canny politician here or in England is likely to refer to the current Jewish migration as anything other than the homecoming of God's Chosen People.

The comments--very emphatic comments--came instead from Damascus in an AP dispatch of March 8th last stating that "President Nasser of the United Arab Republic today told a cheering crowd in front of the state guest palace here that Arab governments and peoples must close ranks against 'the Israeli threat of expansion.' He accused 'international Zionism' of planning to establish an Israeli motherland 'stretching from the Nile to the Euphrates.'"

So the storm signals multiply. The war clouds thicken over Berlin; over the general vicinity of the world's ancient battleground, the Plain of Armageddon; over the lofty "summit" that is to be the site of our next rendezvous with the top diplomats of the devil's brood. Truly, we are striding in seven-league boots toward the day when the issue of Christ versus Antichrist will come up for final settlement.

Those who have felt the blood rush to their faces at each new insult to the Stars and Stripes, as each additional handful of mud is splashed upon our national honor, at each new display of clenched-fist blasphemy, can appreciate the words of the 38th chapter of Ezekiel: "And it shall come to pass...sayeth the Lord GOD, that my fury shall come up in my face. For in my jealousy and in the fire of my wrath have I spoken. Surely in that day there shall be a great shaking in the land of Israel... and I will be known in the eyes of many nations, and they shall know that I am the LORD."

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Rev. George Bennard, Methodist minister, author and composer of one of Christianity's best-loved hymns, "The Old Rugged Cross", which is said to have been translated into every written language, died recently in Reed City, Mich., aged 86.

AMERICA LOSES ONE OF HER GREATEST PATRIOTS. Last Thursday death at the age of 86 brought to a close Robert Edward Edmondson's long battle for the preservation of the Constitution and the ideals of Christian nationalism. For 28 years he had been exhaustively investigating and exposing by publicity the hidden enemies of the Republic, who retaliated with unremitting smear and persecution. His writings offer a fund of documentation that has stood the test of the courts and will become an enduring monument to his memory.

IMPORTANT! A new publication: BLACK & WHITE NEWS -- exposes the colored invasion of Britain, and upholds the white man's cause throughout the world. Reprint of the first issue (illustrated) now available. Single copy: 20¢ (2 international reply coupons acceptable), 12 copies: $1.00 post free. Order from BLACK & WHITE NEWS, 42 Tudor Avenue, Broad Lane, Coventry, England.